

Finally got me and 3 kids (Daddy: "War-Dead")
on military flight! But not enough baggage room,
so caseworker insists on 1 Toy for all 3. They VOTE!

Mr Oggley-woh-pickle-wiggle wins.

Nondescript and filthy as I tape him to
my backpack.

We're off! Land in Florida place I never heard of.
All old people, so love the kids that first night.

Though guy who runs motel wonders:
"What funny country you from?"

I dig out the backpacks and hang the clothes
all over to air out.

Sit outside with 1 eye on my deep sleepers.
Mr Oggley-woh-pickle-wiggle complains loudly!

I go back in & untape him. Wash him in the little sink.

"Can we go outside now? " I nod. He airs out
in the lawn chair next to mine! "Look at that LIGHT!"
Not much--moon big as a sun though.

"You're one GREAT MOM!" Thank him...though
saying to him that he's just a dream.

"Nope. It's me."

I laugh, and he goes on
*"And never ever forget
how much I love you!"*